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THE NEW GREAT MONTGOLFIER, OR SMOKE BALLOON,

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Vol. XXXI.

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THE NEW GREAT MONTGOLFIER BALLOON.

EVERY one at all acquainted with the history of Aeronautics must remember the well-earned celebrity of the Montgolfiers, about half a century since. Balloons constructed upon the principle first experimented by these ingenious persons, are called *Montgolfiers* from the toy balloon which we are accustomed to start for the delight of our family at home to the stupendous machine destined to amuse many thousands of "children of a larger growth."

The Montgolfiers may, however, be more properly called "*Smoke Balloons*;" for they are filled with white smoke, found by computation to be, at least, one third specifically lighter than the common air. This purer sort of smoke is scarcely any thing but air itself charged with vapour, being produced, (by the inventors) by the burning of chopped straw or vine twigs, in a brazier, under the orifice of the bag. It would have required no fewer than 150 degrees of heat alone to cause the same extent of rarefaction. As this process is carried on while the balloon is in the air, its management must require the most careful superintendence; since the proximity of a lighted furnace to many hundred yards of varnished linen, the escape of sparks, &c., are somewhat fearful to contemplate. In the fabrication of the Montgolfier about to be described, the above point has been strictly attended to; and, in the construction of the furnace lies the main improvement upon the inventor's original plan. The practicability of the ascent has likewise been tested by experiments already made in Essex; so that there is nothing to cause apprehension from inexperience on the part of the aeronauts or manipulators.

We have often had occasion to notice novelties in nature, science, or art, as first introduced to the public at "the Surrey Zoological Gardens;" but never one more extraordinary than the immense aerostatic machine bearing the above cognomen, which is to make its first ascent from these excellently adapted grounds on Thursday next. Since the first discovery of balloons by Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier in 1782, there has not been an ascent of so extraordinary a nature, or which has excited so intense and general an interest. It is the first that has ever taken place in England with an aerostat on this beautifully simple, but seldom used plan. The balloon has been constructed by a party of gentlemen, interested in the art of aerostation; and its fabrication has occupied many months of uninterrupted labour, during some period of which upwards of 100 women have been engaged in sewing the seams of the vast machine together.

The New Montgolfier is the largest and most powerful aerial machine ever built in

this country, being 130 feet from the bottom of the car to the upper rim of the balloon, and 200 feet at its greatest circumference. It is, therefore, *the height of the York Column*; and its circumference is nearly half that of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. It contains, when fully inflated, 170,000 cubic feet of air. The car is fifteen feet by eight, gorgeously ornamented, and made of cane: it has an aperture in the bottom, through which part of the furnace drops. The furnace is of very ingenious and peculiar construction. The chimney from it is placed in the lower aperture of the balloon, while the aeronauts are able, with the most perfect convenience, to regulate the quantity of fuel. The degree of heat can be raised to 200 of Fahrenheit in *three minutes*, and depressed to that of the surrounding atmosphere almost as quickly; and the balloon can be fully inflated by the great power of this furnace in *eight minutes*. When in that state it presents the peculiar egg shape represented in our Engraving, being cut off quite abruptly at the bottom, and there leaving an aperture of 46 feet in circumference. This is formed of rope bound with basil, and lies as flat as any other part of the machine, until the inflation takes place. To this another very strong hoop, formed of ash, bound with cane, is suspended, and on it depends the weight of the car and its appendances. There is no net-work, as in the gas balloons; but its absence is supplied by a line being sewn down each of the 58 gores with the material, and terminating in the neck-rope before described.

The grapnel is the invention of the constructor of the balloon, and is very powerful: it weighs 85 lbs., and is so made, that in case of any single fluke, of which there are six, being broken off, it can be easily replaced by means of a nut and screw. Having a swivel head, there is also less danger of breaking the cable attached to it. The fuel consists of small bundles of wood prepared in a particular manner, chopped straw, and willow rinds; many hundred pounds of which materials will be taken up. The machine has an ascending power equal to the weight of fifteen or twenty persons. The fabric is lawn, covered with a peculiar varnish, and thus made impermeable. It is extremely light. The apparatus for inflating it is very extensive; a large platform being raised about twelve feet above the Lake in the Gardens, with an aperture from which the heated air ascends into the balloon. It is necessary to elevate the crown of the balloon to about half its height before the inflation is commenced; and for this purpose two large, stout spars, of about ninety feet in height, will be raised; and by means of a rope passing through blocks, the machine will be hauled up, until it gains sufficient ascensive power to sustain its own weight.

Of the ascent we hope to present satisfactory details in our ensuing Number.

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THE GRASSHOPPER.*

(From the German.†)

HAPPY insect on the tree,
Few can be compar'd with thee;
Thou hast drunken of the dew,—
Thou art equal'd perhaps by few.
All thou findest in the fields,
All the summer-season yields;—
Thou art welcome—thou art free—
Take—for all belongs to thee.
True, thou art the farmer's joy,
Surely thou dost none annoy;
All men love thy cheerful tune
In the merry month of June.
Maid of song thy notes admire,
Burning Phoebus gives thee fire.
Little skilful child of earth,
Lovely songstress, friend of mirth,
Age can ne'er thy frame impair,
Thou art ever young and fair;
Pain shall never tease thy brow,
Like the happy gods art thou;
Thou from flesh and blood art free,—
Surely none can equal thee.

T. S. A.

SONNET TO THE EARLY VIOLET.

SPRINGS Pursuivant! with purple banner spread,
Proclaiming Flora's peaceful-coming reign;
Brought with rich fragrance, waving on the mead,
Gemming the new-grass over hill and plain;
Each new-born zephyr passing o'er thee, buds,
And, ling'ring, sports among thy tender leaves,
Thy sweetness borrows, and fresh vigour lends;—
Bearing afar the perfume it receives.
Thy Tyrian bloom might well a palace grace,
And challenge praises from the brave and fair;
Yet is the humble cot thy fitter place;
Where thou art tended with a loving care;
And there thy modest worth's more duly prized—
Type of simplicity, too oft by wealth despised.

M. M. N.

CORONATIONS.—III.

EARLY SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

EDWARD, the successor of Edwy, surnamed "the Peaceful," his whole reign being exempt from the scourge of war, delayed his coronation for thirteen of the sixteen years to which it extended; a circumstance for which none of our historians assign a reason. The royal investiture was celebrated at last, (A.D. 973,) with great pomp at Bath, Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury, presiding.

"There was bliss mickle
On that happy day
Caused to all,"

says a poem in commemoration of the event, preserved in the Saxon Chronicle,

"Of priests a heap,
Of monks much crowd,
I understand."

The monarch, indeed, was as celebrated for his magnificence as for the talents suited to his station. From Bath he proceeded to Chester, to receive the homage of eight tributary princes, *i.e.* Kenneth, king of Scotland; Malcolm, of Cumberland; M'Oric, of Anglesea and the Isles; Jukil, of Westmoreland; Lajo, of Galloway; and Howel, Dyfawel, and Griffith, princes of Wales. A splendid

procession by water introduced the ceremony. Edgar assumed his seat at the stern of the royal barge, and his tributaries taking the oars, rowed the monarch to the church of St. John; the bishops and noblemen following in their state barges, and returning the acclamations of the populace who lined the shores. The king is said to have remarked, "When my successors can command the service of the like number of princes, let them consider themselves kings."[‡]

A remarkable objection was made, according to the Saxon Chronicle, to the right of Edward, the son of Edgar, to the throne, *viz.*, that he was born before the coronation either of his father or mother,[§] and the pretensions of his younger brother, Ethelred, were so successfully urged by the Queen dowager, that a convocation of the witan was held to settle the dispute.|| Here the claim of Edward was fully admitted, and he was crowned and anointed by Dunstan, at Kingston, accordingly, in the year 975—to be sacrificed to the ambition of his cruel stepmother, in less than four years afterwards.

Stained with the blood of its former wearer, even the ambitious prelate Dunstan "hated much to give the crown" to Ethelred II., as Robert of Gloucester informs us; he assisted, however, at his coronation, and, according to the most perfect Anglo-Saxon ritual that has come down to us, addressed some admirable counsel to the monarch on the duties of his new station. The following is a translation of the coronation oath of this period. "In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, I promise: First, that the church of God, and all Christian people, shall enjoy true peace under my government; secondly, that I will prohibit all manner of rapine and injustice to men of every condition; thirdly, that in all judgments, I will cause equity to be united with mercy, that the most clement God may, through his eternal mercy, forgive us all. Amen."¶ The ceremony was performed at Kingston, on the festival of Easter, 978.

Edmund II., surnamed Ironside, was also

§ "Princes beyond the baths of the sea-fowl, worshipped him far and wide," says a poem on his death: "they bowed to the king as one of their own kin. There was no fleet so proud, there was no host so strong, as to seek food in England, while this noble king ruled the kingdom. He reared up God's honour, he loved God's law, he preserved the people's peace; the best of all the kings that were before in the memory of man. And God was his helper: and kings and carls bowed to him: and they obeyed his will: and without battle he ended all as he willed."—*Chron. Sax.* p. 122.

¶ Osbern. 113. Eadmer. 220.

|| Mr. Lingard has the following note on the accession of Edwy, confirming our previous observations on the meaning of the recognition. "It is observable, that the ancient writers almost always speak of our kings as *elect*. Edwy's grandmother in her charter, (*Lyc. App. iv.*) says, "He was chosen, *geceoren*." The contemporary biographer of Dunstan, (*opud Boll. tom. iv. Mail. 344.*) says, "Ab universis Anglorum principibus communi electione."

¶ Hickeys' Inst. Gram. Præf.

* The Cicada.

† Der Insecten-Belustigung von August Johann Nessel.

crowned at Kingston; he struggled nobly for seven months against the overwhelming power of the Danes, who, at the moment of his coronation, had an army of twenty-seven thousand men on board their fleet in the Thames; and who, in the fatal field of Ashdown, extirpated almost all the old nobility of the kingdom, ere this unfortunate reign closed. This hero led them, during his short reign, into five pitched battles against the enemy.

Canute is said to have been chosen by the unanimous voice of the nation to the vacant throne; and received consecration from Levingius, archbishop of Canterbury, at London, A.D. 1016. He first surrounded the throne with regular guards, called Thing-men, for whose government he compiled a set of rules still extant. The king himself having violated one of them in a transport of passion, by slaying a private soldier, assembled the whole corps, and having referred to the law prohibiting such excesses, acknowledged his crime, descended from the throne, and demanded punishment. The Thing-men were silent, and being urged, on a promise of perfect impunity, to state their sentiments, they left their decision to the king, who adjudged himself to pay sixty-nine talents of gold, more than nine times the ordinary pecuniary mulct in such a case.

The Scotts refused homage to this prince, because he had not obtained the crown of hereditary descent; but on his assembling an army to assert his claims, they submitted: shortly after which, occurred the memorable effort of his courtiers to persuade him, that the monarch of six powerful nations—England, Scotland, and Wales, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden,—could command the ocean tide to retire from his feet. Having convinced them of their folly, by making the experiment, he took the crown from his head, it is said, and placed it on the great cross in the cathedral of Winchester, refusing ever after to wear it, even on occasions of public ceremony.

At the coronation of Harold I., who in fact usurped the throne in the absence of the legitimate claimant, Hardicanute, Egilnoth, archbishop of Canterbury, refused the episcopal benediction. He placed the royal insignia on the altar, and addressing the king and his surrounding prelates, said, "There are the crown and sceptre which Canute intrusted to my charge. To you, I neither give nor refuse them, you may take them if you please; but I strictly forbid any of my brother bishops to usurp an office, which is the prerogative of my see."

Edward the Confessor's name is attached to too much of the Regalia, to allow us to overlook his accession to the throne. He was crowned at Winchester, A.D. 1042, on Easter day; and being a Saxon, was hailed by the

people as a native prince. The archbishop, Eadsius, read to him a long exhortation on the duties of a sovereign, and closed by reminding him of the paternal government which England enjoyed under his predecessors in the Saxon line. All our early historians dwell with great zeal on the manner in which he fulfilled these duties. He was the "good king Edward," for whose "laws," the people were always anxious, when under the subsequent despotism of the Normans, they found an opportunity of expressing their desires; and his reign, forming an interval between the Danish and Norman Conquest, was long remembered as an era of deliverance from foreign thralldom. It is principally from these feelings that historians account for the crown itself wearing for so many ages the name of St. Edward's—St. Edward's staff, as it is called, being carried before our monarchs at their coronation, &c. The people literally applied to him that celebrated maxim of our constitution, the king can do no wrong; for, although his reign was checkered by many internal commotions, on his ministers, and not on himself, was the blame uniformly cast.

This prince, however, seems to have committed a pious fraud on his good people. Being importuned by his council to marry, he espoused the daughter of the powerful Earl Godwin; to whom he privately disclosed a vow of perpetual continence under which he had bound himself: but offered to raise her to the regal seat (and she was accordingly publicly crowned as queen), on condition that he should be allowed without molestation to observe his vow. She is represented by our historians as a very learned lady.

The coronation of the unfortunate Harold II. took place on the day of the funeral of his predecessor—a striking proof of the importance attached to this ceremony at that period. But William, Duke of Normandy, having previously extorted from him an oath of fealty, protested from the first against his consecration, and in the memorable battle of Hastings caused him to pay the penalty of his life for the momentary honour.

We have noticed the present existence of a contemporary account of the coronation of Ethelred II. It demonstrates, that some of the most eloquent passages of the prayers now used on the occasion, were the production of what we often denominate the darker ages of the world, and well accords with the preceding sketch of the character and duties of the Saxon kings:

"Two bishops, with the witan," it is said, "shall lead the king to church; and the clergy with the bishops shall sing the anthem, *Firmetur manus tua*, and the *Gloria Patri*. When the king arrives at the church, he shall prostrate himself before the altar, and the *Te Deum* shall be chanted. When this is finished, the king shall be raised from the ground, and having been chosen by the bishops and the people,

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* Lingard's Hist. p. 292.

The Naturalist.

shall with a clear voice, before God and all the people, promise that he will observe these three rules." [Then follows the coronation oath, quoted above.]

The prayers that follow, the bishops shall separately repeat. "We invoke thee, O Lord, Holy Father Almighty and Eternal God, that this thy servant, whom by the wisdom of thy divine dispensations from the beginning of his existence to this day, thou hast permitted to increase, rejoicing in the flow of youth, enriched with the gift of thy piety, and full of the grace of thy truth, thou mayest cause to be always advancing, day by day, to better things before God and men;—that rejoicing in the bounty of supernal grace, he may receive the throne of supreme power; and, defended on all sides from his enemies by the will of thy mercy, he may deserve to govern happily the people committed to him, with the peace of propagation and the strength of victory."

The following combination of admirable Scripture allusions is extracted from the third prayer, or that offered by the bishop after the consecration, "holding the crown over the king:—"

"Almighty Creator, everlasting Lord, Governor of heaven and earth, the Maker and Disposer of angels and men, King of kings and Lord of lords! who made thy faithful servant Abraham to triumph over his enemies, and gavest manifold victories to Moses and Joshua, the *prelates* of the people; and didst raise David, thy lowly child, to the summit of the kingdom, and didst free him from the mouth of the lion and the paws of the bear, and from Goliath, and from the malignant sword of Saul: who didst endow Solomon with the ineffable gift of wisdom and peace:—look down propitiously on our humble prayers, and multiply the gifts of thy blessing on this thy servant, whom with humble devotion we have chosen to be king of the Angles and Saxons. Surround him everywhere with the right hand of thy power, that, strengthened with the faith of Abraham, the goodness of Moses, the courage of Joshua, the humility of David, and the wisdom of Solomon, he may be well pleasing to thee in all things, and may always advance in the way of justice with inoffensive progress."

When crowned, the invocation is, "May God crown thee with the honour of justice, and the labour of fortitude; that by the virtue of thy benediction, and by a right faith, and the various fruit of good works, thou mayest attain to the crown of the everlasting kingdom, through his bounty whose kingdom endureth for ever!"

We cannot omit the concluding benedictions, rich with Scripture phraseology as any church could make them:

"May the Almighty Lord give thee, from the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, abundance of corn, wine, and oil! May the people serve thee, and the tribes adore thee! Be the lord of thy brothers, and let the sons of thy mother bow before thee! He who blesses thee shall be filled with blessings; for God will be thy helper. May the Almighty bless thee with the blessings of the heaven above, and in the mountains and the valleys; with the blessings of the deep below; with the blessings of the suckling and the womb; with the blessings of grapes and apples; and may the blessing of the ancient fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, be heaped upon thee!—May the blessing of Him, who appeared in the bush, come upon his head, and may the full blessing of the Lord be upon his sons, and may he steep his feet in oil! With his horn, as the horn of the rhinoceros, may he push the nations to the extremities of the earth; and may he who has ascended the skies be his auxiliary for ever!"

MECHANISM OF THE ELEPHANT'S SKULL.

A PERSON looking at the skull of an elephant, would naturally, judging from the size, suppose that the animal has a very large brain. Such, however, is not the case; but the magnitude of the skull is dependant upon another cause, viz. the great extent of the outer table, (as it is called;) for, be it understood that the cavity of the cranium is not by any means so large as the external appearance of the skull would lead one to imagine.

But, what end is to be gained by this great extent of surface?

The explanation is this:—The weight of the tusks, the trunk, and huge grinding teeth, is very great, and there must be a corresponding proportion of muscular substance to support this weight. Now, it is a law in nature, that extent of surface is everywhere conjoined with the least possible bulk; nor is there ever an accumulation of useless matter in a living being. To obtain a sufficient surface for the attachment of the muscles necessary to support the tusks, trunk, &c., and at the same time to afford the least possible weight, the two tables of the skull are united by a diploe, or vast number of thin plates of bone, disposed in an irregular manner, so as to form cells, than which nothing could be imagined or contrived which would more beautifully and completely answer the purpose.

Could the most accomplished mechanist, or the most learned anatomist, point out a better or more perfect mode of attaining the desired end? Certainly not. On the contrary, many and important are the hints which have been gleaned from the book of nature, and most usefully and profitably applied to art and science. W. W. C.

REPRODUCTION OF THE LEGS OF SPIDERS AND CRUSTACEA.

IF the leg of a spider be broken off in the middle of a joint, or at one of the lower joints, the animal invariably tears it off at the hip; because the outer integument of the leg being dense and unyielding, would not permit the wound to close; and, consequently, the creature would soon die of hæmorrhage, or the loss of the vital sanies, which in spiders and crustacea answers the same purpose as the blood in the higher orders of animals. But, at the hip, the parts being soft and elastic, the wound speedily closes, and the animal is little the worse for the injury.

This fact is noticed in the crustacea generally; and it is worthy of remark, that the leg is reproduced, but not immediately—not until the annual change, or casting of the shell. The new limb is at first slender, though perfect in its various parts; and it

gradually increases in size until it has attained the magnitude of the other legs.

W. W. C.

Notes of a Reader.

VARIORUM.

The Ruling Passion.—A Mr. * * *, a Master in Chancery, was on his death-bed—a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred, in which it was necessary to make an affidavit, and the attorney, missing one or two other masters whom he inquired after, ventured to ask if Mr. * * * would be able to receive the deposition. The proposal seemed to give him momentary strength; his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form. The master was lifted up in bed, and with difficulty subscribed the paper; as he sank down again, he made a signal to his clerk—"Wallace."—"Sir;" "your ear—lower—lower. Have you got the half-crown." He was dead before morning.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

"*A Blue.*"—Sir Walter Scott, in his Diary, noticing a facetious and lively lady being called "a Blue," observes: "if to have good sense and good humour, mixed with a strong power of observing, and an equally strong one of expressing—if of this the result must be *blue*, she shall be as blue as they will. Such cant is the refuge of fools, who fear those who can turn them into ridicule: it is a common trick to revenge supposed railers with good, substantial calumny."

Depth.—Your deepest pools, like your deepest politicians and philosophers, often turn out more shallow than was expected. —*Sir W. Scott.*

Days' Fishing.—Since the days of Seages, emperor of Ethiopia, three days of appointed sport and happiness have seldom answered.—*Ibid.*

Ants' Eggs are a costly luxury in Siam: they are not much larger than grains of sand, are sent to table curried, or rolled in green leaves, mingled with shreds or very fine slices of fat pork.

Siamese Nobility.—Instead of looking at the dress of a Siamese to estimate his rank, it is necessary to cast the eye upon the slave following him, who bears upon a tray the badge which designates his master's rank. Ten-kettles of gold and silver, plain or ornamented, are patents of the highest grades of nobility, and are presented by the king as commissions of office.

Killing a Shark.—Dr. Ruschenberger, in his recent voyage, witnessed the killing of a shark, which he thus describes:—"The fish was about 10 feet long, and his jaws were capacious enough to bite a man's leg off. At last, he was secured, and was quickly seen floundering, and lashing his powerful

tail upon deck. In an instant, a dozen knives were gleaming around him; and he had been dragged scarcely to the mainmast before the tail was severed from his body by successive blows of an axe. His abdomen was ripped up, and his heart, which was cut out, lay palpitating for some time upon the fluke of an anchor. Still he floundered, and so powerful were his muscular exertions, that several strong men could not control them. His huge jaws, armed with five rows of sharp teeth, were removed, his brain exposed, and head cut off, and in five minutes parts of his body still quick with life, were frying at the galley, under the knife and fork of the cook, while the fins and tail, like so many trophies, were hung up to dry.

Yellow Hair.—In the Isle of Socotra, the practice of dyeing the hair yellow is common among all classes.

Slavery flourishes in Zanzibar, where slaves are confined in a wooden cage from the time of their arrival from the coast of Africa, until they are sold. The cage is about 20 feet square, and at one time, there have been no less than 150 slaves, men, women, and children, locked up in it!

Plurality of Wives.—A native of Zanzibar, thus illustrated the bad policy of having more than one wife, although the law of his country allows four. "Suppose you have more, (than one); they always fight; suppose live in the same house, they fight; suppose live in different house, they fight; and the man can be no happy. The woman very bad for that."

Duelling.—The Arabs have this laconic argument against duelling, which they consider a silly custom. "If a man insult you," say they, "kill him on the spot; but do not give him the opportunity to *kill*, as well as *insult*, you."

Praying Machine.—On the high roads of Japan, every mountain, hill, and cliff, is consecrated to some divinity, to whom travellers are required to address long prayers. As this would occupy too much time for those who are in haste, a machine is used, consisting of an upright post, with an iron plate set into the top. The turning round of this plate, upon which the prayer is engraved, is deemed equivalent to repeating the prayer.

The Siamese are, we should think, the most dutiful children in the world. The son never stands in the presence of either parent, nor assumes a seat on a level with his father. Even His Magnificent Majesty humiliates himself once a month, and appears before his mother on his knees and elbows. But, unfortunately, this filial respect is the only commendable quality of the Siamese character.

Smoking.—In this country, it is considered indecorous and unpolite to smoke in the presence of ladies; but the Siamese main-

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tain it to be the sign of friendship; for, say they, your enemy will never allow you to smoke in his face.

Few Fish found at Sea.—Remarkable as the fact may appear, there is no class of people who eat so few fish as sailors. And the reason is, they seldom obtain them. With the exception of flying-fish and dolphin, and perhaps, a very few others, fish are not found on the high seas at great distances from land. They abound most along coasts, in straits and bays, and are seldom caught in water more than 40 or 50 fathoms in depth.

Anti-burial.—Dr. Roschenberger, when in Zanzibar, saw numbers of human bones and skeletons exposed upon the beach, and was told they belonged to persons who "did not pray" when alive. On the eastern side of the island there is a spot where the dead bodies of slaves are carried and cast upon the sea-shore, to become the prey of beasts and carrion birds!

The best Wives.—All the glory of the Banyan women is to please their husbands; they are taught from the earliest years to admire conjugal respect and love, and with them this is a sacred point in religion.

Pirates are a race of crabs so named by sailors, from their dwelling in the shells of other animals, which they expel, and then usurp their place. They may be seen in myriads, moving about briskly, and dragging after them their stolen homes wherever they go.

Barbers in Muscat shave without lather of any kind the heads submitted to their tonsure, and with tweezers dexterously pluck out the straggling hairs which mar the outline of the beard or moustache.

The Japanese are very curious in their inquiries after the news of Europe, and delight in being told of the rise and fall of empires, of great battles, and of the marriages and deaths of kings and princes; and they are said never to manifest gratitude, except for information of this nature.

Birds of Paradise to the number of 1,500 are annually exported from Batavia.

There is a piping crow in the menagerie of the Zoological Society, who whistles loud and clear the first notes of "Over the water to Charley."

Manners and Customs.

THE WHIRLING DURWEESHES OF CAIRO.

[MR. LANE, in his very valuable and entertaining *Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, gives the following sketch of the singular order of durweeshes known as "whirling."]

The durweeshes I found to be of different nations, as well as of different orders. Some of them wore the ordinary turban and dress of Egypt: others wore the Turkish

chaouck, or padded cap; and others, again, wore high caps, or turbans, mostly of the sugar-loaf shape. One of them had a white cap of the form last mentioned, upon which were worked, in black letters, invocations to the first four Khaleefehs, to El-Hhasan and El-Hhoseyn, and to other eminent saints, founders of different orders of durweeshes. Most of the durweeshes were Egyptians; but there were among them many Turks and Persians. I had not waited many minutes before they began their exercises. Several of them first drove back the surrounding crowd with sticks; but as no stick was raised at me, I did not retire so far as I ought to have done; and before I was aware of what the durweeshes were about to do, forty of them, with extended arms, and joined hands, had formed a large ring, in which I found myself inclosed. For a moment I felt half inclined to remain where I was, and join in the zikr; bow, and repeat the name of God; but another moment's reflection on the absurdity of the performance, and the risk of my being discovered to be no durweesh, decided me otherwise; so, parting the hands of two of the durweeshes, I passed outside the ring. The durweeshes who formed the large ring (which inclosed four of the marble columns of the portico,) now commenced their zikr; exclaiming over and over again, "Allah!" and, at each exclamation, bowing the head and body, and taking a step to the right; so that the whole ring moved rapidly round. As soon as they commenced this exercise, another durweesh, a Turk, of the order of Mowlawees, in the middle of the circle, began to whirl; using both his feet to effect this motion, and extending his arms: the motion increased in velocity until his dress spread out like an umbrella. He continued whirling thus for about ten minutes; after which he bowed to his superior, who stood within the great ring; and then, without showing any signs of fatigue or giddiness, joined the durweeshes in the great ring; who had now begun to ejaculate the name of God with great vehemence, and to jump to the right, instead of stepping. After the whirling, six other durweeshes, within the great ring, formed another ring; but a very small one; each placing his arms upon the shoulders of those next him; and thus disposed, they performed a revolution similar to that of the larger ring, excepting in being much more rapid; repeating, also, the same exclamation of "Allah!" but with a rapidity proportionably greater. This motion they maintained for about the same length of time that the whirling of the single durweesh before had occupied; after which the whole party sat down to rest.—They rose again after the lapse of about a quarter of an hour; and performed the same exercise a second time.



(Whirling Darveesh.)

The Public Journals.

FALL OF THE ARABIAN EMPIRE.

(From a Paper of great power and beauty; in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

THREE thousand years had elapsed since Ishmael, a friendless wanderer, left his parent's home, and owed his preservation in the desert to a miracle. More than six centuries had passed since Mahommed, like the great ancestor of his people, was expelled from the place of his birth, and was banished from the city of his fathers. The polished Arab now yielded to the ferocious Bactrian; and as the great Roman empire had fallen beneath the inundating torrents from the European north, so the great Arab power was overwhelmed by impetuous invasions from the Asiatic deserts. Similar in grandeur, it was similar in fate; it had risen more rapidly, its ruin was as hasty, not more complete. It left behind a moral and a memory of desolation; its scattered vestiges of magnificence are a standing evidence of temporary pride; its recollection is suggestive of mournful and chastening feelings. The Arabic heroes are forgotten by name; their monuments are admired for their architectural beauty, not for the nobility of the spirit they were erected to honour; the bones deposited within them, to employ the eloquent elegiac language of Sir Thomas Browne, "have now rested quietly in the grave beneath the drums and trampings of three conquests." The field of Tours has been whitened by them, but even tradition there bears no record of the event; Jerusalem has seen them laid side by side with prophets and with kings, and the tombs of all are forgotten together. Ishmael and Isaac, foes on earth, rest peacefully in

alliance in the same grave. Spain has been beautified by their memorials, but degraded by the practical negation of their independent heroic spirit; and if there is truth, as we would desire to believe, in the tale of the Cid's funeral, when death re-assumed vitality to protect nobility from profanation, surely there has been in that land enough of degradation to rouse alike Christian and Moorish warriors from the sepulchre to vindicate the character of the nation. Every where

"Decay's effacing fingers

Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Every where Saracenic glory and power have faded away; the Arabian aspiring blood has sunk into the ground, and not to vegetate there. Shorn of strength, the Arabs have lost also the moral splendour that adorned them. Their sciences, their refinement, their valour, have decayed, or been wasted; their hand once more is against every man, and every man's hand against them; the Turk is their master and the desert is their home! Their fathers—where are they? Departed from memory as their nation has faded from fame, their history is a blank, their boasted empire has vanished and gone for ever! The standard of Islâm no longer is the banner carrying terror and dismay along the confines of Christendom; the pale despots that rear it are defeated, despite its sacred and inspiring renown; fanaticism, pointing to heaven as a conqueror's reward, utters a feeble sound unechoed in the regions it formerly startled from torpor; the deluge of Mahomedanism having at length subsided from the ark of Christianity, the dove has gone forth to show every nation that the olive-branch of peace now tranquilly and triumphantly waves this globe to add a pure and moral loveliness to those fields of nature designed as the dwelling-place of man!

Our remaining consideration is the influence of the Arabian empire on the world. That it must have operated powerfully, few will deny; for a mighty dominion could not have been raised and then fall, without leaving traits of influence on every land once stamped by the powerful ensigns of its transient authority.

"What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?"

Still we must not hope to find evidences of direct effects very perspicuously displayed in history. The fall of an empire chiefly operates on the mind with a force which can scarcely be calculated, and yet which is sensibly felt. When a thraldom is shaken off, and the restraints that tinged the sentiments with a particular colour, and directed the energies of the population in a particular direction, are suddenly loosened, the re-action, like that of the fabled oak, may be destructive, and must be severe. Its extent and precise power remain more matters of speculation than of certainty; the equilibrium of

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the mind, once disturbed, may easily settle again, or, once shaken, may, like the pendulum, under regulated laws, continue vibration. We know that, shortly after the Arabian empire departed, mankind commenced those strides which since have incessantly been taken, leading onward to ends as yet dimly developed, opening constantly fresh hopes of advancement, and expanding the horizon which recedes from our approach, and tempts us by its resplendent brilliancy still farther in the search. But we cannot positively determine the value of the impulse afforded by the stirring events we have considered—the crash of thrones, the destined fall of dynasties—we can merely admit them into the catalogue of causes, and acknowledge their united power, without attributing to each individual agency a definite relative importance. When we see civilization creeping into a country once the residence only of the barbarous and the deer—

"Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,

"To his hills that encircle the sea ;"

and in the rising state of society observe the intellect more asserting its sovereignty over matter, and controlling the passions, the sword and the spear rusting on the walls the national phalanx disappearing altogether; the posterity of heroes seeking the glories of peace, and adorning by mental triumphs the bright land of their nativity, consecrating every effort to mental improvement, and speculating with sublimated affections, yet not resisting the force of those patriotic emotions which burned in the bosoms of their fathers, we can recognise the effect of some great causes, without distinguishing with exactitude their nature, or the force of each; we see knowledge increase, and refinement influence the heart, and we marvel whence they came. But when, as in the case of the Arabian empire, we know that there was a degree of learning, a latent moral influence, which could not be entirely lost, we can appreciate the operation in subsequent events, and trace it in future changes. We know that we owe to the Arabs the use of the numerical character, the manufacture of paper, of cotton, and perhaps of gunpowder; we know that we are indebted to them for much of that spirit of scientific and experimental inquiry which for a time was abused indeed by the alchemists, but which afterwards was viable in the pursuits of Lavoisier and Black. In mechanics too, and in medicine, we experience the advantage of Arabian researches; and still more have we felt that advantage in earlier and less cultivated times. In some things, however, the immediate contemporaries of the Arabs, or the generations living directly after them, have experienced benefits which we should not have enjoyed, had they not handed down to us a tradition of their knowledge. Our acquaintance with the sub-

lime truths of astronomy would, for instance, have been as deep, had Eastern philosophers never turned their eyes to the realms of illimitable space, gazed enraptured on the canopy above, and watched with enraptured and admiring minds the harmonious movements of the countless worlds that career along in unrivalled beauty, adorning the firmament they people, "The moment," says Sir John Herschel, "astronomy became a branch of mechanics, a science essentially experimental, (that is to say, one in which any principle laid down can be subjected to immediate and decisive trial, and where experience does not require to be waited for,) its progress suddenly acquired a tenfold acceleration, nay, to such a degree, that it has been asserted, and we believe with truth, that were the results of all the observations from the earliest ages annihilated, leaving only those made in Greenwich Observatory during the single life-time of Maskelyne, the whole of this most perfect of sciences might, from those data, and as to the objects included in them, be at once re-constructed, and appear precisely as it stood at their conclusion. The operation, indeed, of Arabian knowledge of astronomy in the early ages, was perhaps principally to lend a plausibility to astrology. The observers of stars, like Columbus predicting the eclipse, had the power of astonishing, when they prepared to delude. We must not, however, under-rate the debt we owe the Arabians. If it be true that they have added nothing to our astronomical lore, they have at least been greatly influential in imparting to us the bold spirit of inquiry, by which alone that lore can be collected. We do in some measure owe it to those early philosophers that we now have reached a noble enlightenment, and live in days when Galileo is no longer heretical, and Kepler no longer mad; for surely we must frankly acknowledge that we can trace the enterprising spirit of the present time to no source but the example of Arabian speculators: and therefore it is to them we should feel indebted, if not for our stores of learning, at least for the energy that dictates their discovery, and the spirit that directs their use. If we have in some cases improved on the legacy they left us, in some we remain listless, without any efforts to increase the value of our possession; and in others we have, it must be feared, degenerated. Heraldry may have been expanded in its uses, but it can scarcely be considered improved; and when we regard the gorgeous relics of the olden time, the architectural adornments of the East; when we contemplate the delicate fretwork, and the ingenious combination of their ornaments, the boldness of their designs, their gigantic proportions, we must admit, that though other lands may possess attractions derived from noble exertions of art, yet that our country

is covered with few modern evidences that we can despise the graceful power of the Sarracenic artists. Generally, we have benefited greatly by Arabian examples. Universally the influence of that empire has not only been good, but lasting. It aroused that European genius from the lethargy of inactivity which since has wrought such marvels in moulding matter, and in elevating mind, which has shone in the conceptions of our poets and our statesmen, in the daring schemes of the foes of tyranny and wrong. That influence, though slow in its operation, though for a time lost in the darkness of the ages succeeding the Arabian fall, now operates with powerful effect; it has cast round the western nations an electric chain, that conveys a mysterious emotion to the very core, and touches the nerves and the springs of action; it has awakened the populations to an ennobling and still-improving appreciation of their destinies and hopes; it has penetrated the most humble ranks, from which oftentimes since the greatest of our intellectual nobility have sprung. So long as the spirit shall live which is not content with first impressions or casual observations, which dives into the recesses of nature for accumulating evidences of a great first cause, which traverses the regions of space, and dignifies earth by making it the receptacle of knowledge, shall the empire and the men whence so much of that spirit was derived live in the memory, and be cherished there. Ay, and when the recollection of Arabian conquests has departed, the remembrance of their nobler deeds shall not perish. Arabia, a desert, shall be venerated as the birthplace of wisdom; and once the shrine of the wise, though desolate, it shall not be despised. And Arabian power, a name, shall yet be revered, because used to exalt the sentiments, and to advance the interests of every tribe of man. The vanquishers of the world shall be remembered long after their temporal ambition is forgotten, from a just admiration of their mental triumphs, and of the impulse they imparted to its people.

THE YEARLY MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS. BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(Concluded from page 331.)

LET us now take one more view—one general view of Friends in the yearly meeting—and then good-by to them. They are assembled at a meeting of worship, be it on Thursday or Sunday. All business has ceased; men and women have met together. It is true, we have not the whole body here; for they have various meetings in and about the metropolis; and, on these days, each attends his own place, and the stranger ministers disperse themselves among them, in common language, “as they please”—but in theirs, “as they are

drawn.” Some have gone to the West-End, some to Stoke-Newington or Tottenham, some to Peckham or Camberwell. We will go into the city; for there we shall find, perhaps, not the most aristocratic, but the greatest number. You now understand pretty well the constitution and disposition of a Friends’ meeting. The men are sitting all on one side by themselves, with their hats on, and presenting a very dark and sombre mass; the women sitting together, on the other, as light and attractive. In the seats below the gallery, are sitting many weighty Friends, men and women, still apart; and, in the gallery, a long row of preachers, male and female, perhaps twenty or thirty in number. You may count safely on a succession of sermons and prayers. Men and women arise, one after another, and preach in a variety of styles, but all peculiar to Friends. Suddenly, a man-minister takes off his hat, or a woman-minister takes off her bonnet; he or she drops quietly on the bass before them; at the sight, the whole meeting rises and remains on its feet while the minister enters into “supplication.” Most singular, striking, and picturesque are often the sermons you hear. As we entered a meeting last year, a female was in the act of speaking. She stood aloft in the centre of the gallery—a woman considerably in years. Her tall form, her bonnet of an odd, wild air, the long grey shawl, hanging to her feet and enveloping her figure like the robes of a priestess, and the arm held aloft in the energy of a wild and figurative strain of denunciation, made her appear some weird woman of a by-gone age, some prophetess of the troubled times, such as came forth in the plague, or issued from the hiding-places of the Covenanters, rather than a woman, a lady indeed, of these smooth, oily, and commonplace days. She appeared the fit descendant of the Mary Dyers and Barbara Blaugdens of the first days of Quakerism, who went into New England in spite of menaces of death, only too surely fulfilled; or into the precincts of the English Universities, to warn the wild collegians, and to suffer at their hands. The strangers present seemed electrified; the sensation was general and vivid; the tears were running down the cheeks of hardy men, and were only hidden on numbers of softer faces by a wide display of cambric handkerchiefs. For ourselves, we must confess we were more amazed than moved; and, the harangue over, turned with a more pleasing interest to notice that striking and unique spectacle which the young women-Friends, sitting together in one great mass, present. They are continually compared to doves; and, it must be confessed, the *tout-ensemble* is very dove-like. There is such a delicacy and spotless purity in their whole appearance,

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and they sit in such a profound and devotional quietude; there is such a subduedness, and, indeed, total absence of colouring in the whole scene, so different from the strong and varied colouring of most assemblages of females; there is something so unworldly, so cool, so exquisitely clean and fresh—that they look rather like an assembly of spirits, or of vestals, than women who have to move amongst the corrodings, harassings, and bedimnings of every-day life. It must be confessed that, though the costume of the men is not to be much commended for its grace, that of the elderly women-Friends is very becoming, and that of the younger ones truly graceful; and by their taste, they have even given it a certain elegance. The bonnets of the most genteel and refined amongst them have a striking superiority of figure over those of the rest, though constructed of the same materials. Their shawls are more tastefully disposed. There is an air, a style about the young Quaker lady which it is not easy to describe. The prevailing colour of their bonnets at this season of the year is of a delicate silver-grey; their shawls of rich crape, of delicate French white, or of silver-grey, to correspond with the bonnet, sufficiently large to fall in graceful folds, pinned in front in a manner peculiar to them, and of so soft a texture as to show the bust and fall of the shoulders very beautifully. A clear muslin collar, and a light zephyrine scarf round the neck; the gown of a delicate shade of drab; and kid gloves to match, always well-fitting, new, and spotless—complete the young lady-Friend's costume. Here and there you see a darker gown, a shawl of darker shade, or even a bonnet of a rich brown, giving some variety and contrast to the mass; but it is really wonderful, with so few elements to work with, with almost no colour at all, how they produce so good an effect as they do. It is the extreme delicacy, the purity, the freshness of the whole, which impresses you with an irresistible feeling of a corresponding purity and tone of mind. You cannot help looking upon them as creatures of a purity of thought, of a loving and domestic habit, of innocent and unworldly tastes, that, as wives, sisters, and friends, must present a very grateful contrast to the vanity, the vulgarity under fashionable forms, the lax morality, and the dissipated feeling, which you find around you continually in the world. They remind you of Charles Lamb's "Hester," one of their own sisterhood—

"When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply.
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour.

"Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school—
Nature had best her."

With this testimony to the fair and estimable daughters of the Society, we announce that the yearly meeting is at an end. The Epistle to the Churches has been read—the last words of exhortation and Christian fellowship have been dropped—the last pause of silence made—the last general and cordial shaking of hands given—and, by many a coach, carriage, and steamer, the Friends are, many of them, already on their way to their far-off homes; some strengthened in their spirits by the general communion of mind—some by a sense of duty discharged—all by bearing with them delicious remembrances of the pleasant intercourse of the last ten days. Depend upon it, there have been new schemes and hopes of life originated; new dreams of happiness awakened; there are embryo connexions springing up that shall, ere long, come to the light and be heard of. All those pleasant dinings and tea-drinkings, whether in the goodly mansions of the city, or in the rural paradises of Tottenham, Newington, or Peckham-Rye—all those goings to picture galleries, and to the Zoological Gardens, by no fewer than three hundred in one day—have not been in vain. The yearly meeting is over, indeed; but there shall be other meetings in consequence of it, still more pleasant and profitable than it has been.—*Tait's Magazine.*

New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. VI.

(Continued from page 297.)

[THE following graphic passage from Captain Basil Hall's Diary, portrays Sir Walter at this period, 1826. The Captain called at Mrs. Brown's lodging-house one morning—and on his return home wrote as follows:—]

"A hundred and fifty years hence, when his works have become old classical authorities, it may interest some fervent lover of his writings to know what this great genius was about on Saturday the 10th of June, 1826—five months after the total ruin of his pecuniary fortunes, and twenty-six days after the death of his wife.

"In the days of his good luck he used to live at No. 39 in North Castle Street, in a house befitting a rich baronet; but on reaching the door, I found the plate on it covered with rust (so soon is glory obscured,) the windows shuttered up, dusty, and comfortless; and from the side of one projected a board, with this inscription, "To sell;" the stairs were unwashed, and not a footmark told of the ancient hospitality which reigned within. In all nations with which I am acquainted the fashionable world move westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the great tide of civilization; and, *vice versa*, those persons who decline in fortune, which is mostly equivalent to declin-

ing in fashion, shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and inquiring at the clubs in Prince's Street, learned that he now resided in St. David Street, No. 6.

"I was rather glad to recognise my old friend the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door—the saying about heroes and valets-de-chambre comes to one's recollection on such occasions, and nothing, we may be sure, is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced than the stanch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse. At the top of the stair we saw a small tray, with a single plate and glasses for one solitary person's dinner. Some few months ago Sir Walter was surrounded by his family, and, wherever he moved, his head-quarters were the focus of fashion. Travellers from all nations crowded round, and, like the recorded honours of Lord Chatham, 'thickened over him.' Lady and Miss Scott were his constant companions; the Lockharts were his neighbours both in town and in Roxburghshire; his eldest son was his frequent guest; and in short, what with his own family and the clouds of tourists, who, like so many hordes of Cossacks, pressed upon him, there was not, perhaps, out of a palace, any man so attended, I had almost said overpowered, by company. His wife is now dead—his son-in-law and favourite daughter gone to London, and his grandchild, I fear, just staggering, poor little fellow, on the edge of the grave, which, perhaps, is the securest refuge for him—his eldest son is married, and at a distance, and report speaks of no probability of the title descending; in short, all are dispersed, and the tourists, those 'curiosos impertinentes,' drive past Abbotsford gate, and curse their folly in having delayed for a year too late their long projected jaunt to the north. Meanwhile not to mince the matter, the great man had, somehow or other, managed to involve himself with printers, publishers, bankers, gas-makers, wool-staplers, and all the fraternity of speculators, accommodation-bill manufacturers, land-jobbers, and so on, till, at a season of distrust in money matters, the hour of reckoning came, like a thief in the night; and as our friend, like the unthrifty virgins, had no oil in his lamp, all his affairs went to wreck and ruin, and landed him, after the gale was over, in the predicament of Robinson Crusoe, with little more than a shirt to his back. But like that able navigator, he is not cast away upon a barren rock. The tide has ebbed, indeed, and left him on the beach, but the hull of his fortunes is above water still, and it will go hard, indeed, with him if he does not shape a raft that shall bring to shore much of the cargo that an ordinary mind would leave in despair, to be swept away by the next change of the

moon. The distinction between man and the rest of the living creation, certainly, is in nothing more remarkable, than in the power which he possesses over them, of turning to varied account the means with which the world is stocked. But it has always struck me, that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals; and it is from a familiarity with the practical operation of this marvellous difference that I venture to predict, that our Crusoe will cultivate his own island, and build himself a bark in which, in process of time, he will sail back to his friends and fortune in greater triumph than if he had never been driven amongst the breakers.

"Sir Walter Scott, then, was sitting at a writing-desk covered with papers, and on the top was a pile of bound volumes of the *Moniteur*,—one, which he was leaning over as my brother and I entered, was open on a chair, and two others were lying on the floor. As he rose to receive us he closed the volume which he had been extracting from, and came forward to shake hands. He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers and the other trappings of woe, but his countenance, though certainly a little woe-begoniah, was not cast into any very deep furrows. His tone and manner were as friendly as heretofore, and when he saw that we had no intention of making any attempt at sympathy or moanification, but spoke to him as of old, he gradually contracted the length of his countenance, and allowed the corners of his mouth to curl almost imperceptibly upwards, and a renewed lustre came into his eye, if not exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all events of well-regulated, patient, Christian resignation. My meaning will be misunderstood if it be imagined from this picture that I suspected any hypocrisy, or an affectation of grief in the first instance. I have no doubt, indeed, that he feels, and most acutely, the bereavements which have come upon him; but we may very fairly suppose, that among the many visitors he must have, there may be some who cannot understand that it is proper, decent, or even possible to hide those finer emotions deep in the heart.—He immediately began conversing in his usual style—the chief topic being Captain Denham (whom I had recently seen in London,) and his book of *African Travels*, which Sir Walter had evidently read with much attention. * * * * After sitting a quarter of an hour, we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit—and though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever, and very possibly all the better for the discipline—better, I mean, for the public, inasmuch as he has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion—and one which all the

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A week before this visit took place, Sir Walter had sufficiently mastered himself to resume his literary tasks; and he thenceforth worked with determined resolution on the *Life of Napoleon*, interlaying a day or two of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, whenever he had got before the press with his historical MS., or felt the want of the only repose he ever cared for—a change of labour.

[Returning to Sir Walter's Diary, the subsequent entry is full of piquant truth.]

"August 29.—The art of quiet, easy, entertaining conversation is, I think, chiefly known in England. In Scotland, we are pedantic and wrangle, or we run away with the harrows on some topic we chance to be discursive upon. In Ireland they have too much vivacity, and are too desirous to make a show, to preserve the golden mean. They are the *Gacons of Britain*. George Ellis was the first converser I ever knew; his patience and good-breeding made me often ashamed of myself going off at score upon some favourite topic. Richard Sharp is so celebrated for this peculiar gift as to be generally called *Conversation Sharp*. The worst of this talent is, that it seems to lack sincerity. You never know what are the real sentiments of a good converser, or at least it is very difficult to discover in what extent he entertains them. His politeness is inconsistent with energy. For forming a good converser, good taste and extensive information and accomplishment are the principal requisites, to which must be added an easy and elegant delivery, and a well-toned voice. I think the higher order of genius is not favourable to this talent."

[The next section of the Diary includes Scott's journey to London, in October, 1826, to search documents for the *Life of Napoleon*, then in progress. It contains many interesting entries of visits to distinguished personages; *ex. gr.* the following of George IV.]

"October 20.—Commanded down to pass a day at Windsor. This is very kind of his Majesty.—Went down to Windsor, or rather to the Lodge in the Forest, which, though ridiculed by connoisseurs, seems to be no bad specimen of a royal retirement, and is delightfully situated. A kind of cottage, too large perhaps for the style, but yet so managed, that in the walks you only see parts of it at once, and these well composed and grouping with the immense trees. His Majesty received me with the same mixture of kindness and courtesy which has always distinguished his conduct towards me. There was no company besides the royal retinue—Lady Conyngham—her daughter—and two or three other ladies. After we left table, there was excellent music by the royal band, who lay ambushed in a green-house adjoining

the apartment. The King made me sit beside him, and talk a great deal—*too much* perhaps—for he has the art of raising one's spirits, and making you forget the *retenué* which is prudent every where, especially at court. But he converses himself with so much ease and elegance, that you lose thoughts of the prince in admiring the well-bred and accomplished gentleman. He is in many respects the model of a British monarch—has little inclination to try experiments on government otherwise than through his ministers—sincerely, I believe, desires the good of his subjects—is kind towards the distressed, and moves and speaks 'every inch a king.' I am sure such a man is fitter for us than one who would long to head armies, or be perpetually intermeddling with *la grande politique*. A sort of reserve, which creeps on him daily, and prevents his going to places of public resort, is a disadvantage, and prevents his being so generally popular as is earnestly to be desired."

[On the following day, Sir Walter returned to town, and in the evening went to "honest Dan Terry's theatre," called the Adelphi:]

"The heat was dreadful, and Anne so unwell that she was obliged to be carried into Terry's house, a curious dwelling no larger than a squirrel's cage, which he has contrived to squeeze out of the vacant space of the theatre, and which is accessible by a most complicated combination of staircases and small passages. There we had rare good porter and oysters after the play, and found Anne much better."

[The journey was extended to Paris, and a page or two onward we find this admirable sketch of France at the period: true to the letter, and one of the best pieces of characteristic writing that we have read for a long time.]

"France, so far as I can see, which is very little, has not undergone many changes. The image of war has, indeed, passed away, and we no longer see troops crossing the country in every direction—villages either ruined or hastily fortified—inhabitants sheltered in the woods and caves to escape the rapacity of the soldiers,—all this has passed away. The inns, too, much amended. There is no occasion for that rascally practice of making a bargain—or *combién*-ing your landlady, before you unharness your horses, which formerly was matter of necessity. The general taste of the English seems to regulate the travelling—naturally enough, as the hotels, of which there are two or three in each town, chiefly subsist by them. We did not see one French equipage on the road; the natives seem to travel entirely in the diligence, and doubtless *à bon marché*; the road was thronged with English. But in her great features France is the same as ever. An oppressive air of solitude seems to hover over

these rich and extended plains, while we are sensible, that whatever is the nature of the desolation, it cannot be sterility. The towns are small, and have a poor appearance, and more frequently exhibit signs of decayed splendour than of increasing prosperity. The chateau, the abode of the gentleman,—and the villa, the retreat of the thriving *negociant*,—are rarely seen till you come to Beaumont. At this place, which well deserves its name of the fair mount, the prospect improves greatly, and country-seats are seen in abundance; also woods, sometimes deep and extensive, at other times scattered in groves and single trees. Amidst these the oak seldom or never is found; England, lady of the ocean, seems to claim it exclusively as her own. Neither are there any quantity of firs. Poplars in abundance give a formal air to the landscape. The forests chiefly consist of beeches, with some birches, and the roads are bordered by elms cruelly cropped and pollarded and switched. The demand for fire-wood occasions these mutilations. If I could waft by a wish the thinnings of Abbotsford here, it would make a little fortune of itself. But then to switch and mutilate my trees!—not for a thousand francs. Ay, but sour grapes, quoth the fox."

[Sir Walter's note on Shakespeare's Cliff may be acceptable, especially as the railway folks have *bored* this wonder; though when will it be forgotten!]

"The Cliff, to which Shakespeare gave his immortal name, is, as all the world knows, a great deal lower than his description implies. Our Dover friends, justly jealous of the reputation of their Cliff, impute this diminution of its consequence to its having fallen in repeatedly since the poet's time. I think it more likely that the imagination of Shakespeare, writing perhaps at a period long after he may have seen the rock, had described it such as he conceived it to have been. Besides, Shakespeare was born in a flat country, and Dover Cliff is at least lofty enough to have suggested the exaggerated features to his fancy. At all events, it has maintained its reputation better than the Tarpeian Rock—no man could leap from it and live."

[The volume concludes with Sir Walter's return to Abbotsford, November, 1826, freighted with a host of documents, though this information cost him 200*l.* travelling expenses.]

DR. WAAGEN'S ART AND ARTISTS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 318.)

[THE letters glancing at the British Museum illustrate its greatest rarities. The following note is characteristic.]

"God Save the King."

I heard this noble national anthem for the first time in England. The words corres-

pond with the fine air; they express the union so peculiar to the English, of enthusiastic loyalty, and noble freedom; for, after imploring Heaven to shower down every blessing on the head of the sovereign, it concludes,—

"May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
With heart and voice to sing,
God save the King!"

The effect of the whole was wonderfully grand and overpowering. I felt the proud, calm confidence entirely and worthily expressed in it, with which this great nation is justly penetrated. At the words—

"Oh, Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall."

I could not but call to mind the glorious deeds of the English in arms, both in ancient and modern times.

Room at Lord Francis Egerton's.

The treasures of the celebrated Stafford, or Bridgewater gallery, are distributed in a long suite of apartments, which the family in general occupy, and thus constantly living among the pictures, enjoy them in the most convenient manner. On this occasion, the capital pictures were splendidly illuminated by lamps with reflectors, so that I dwelt with rapture, now upon a Raphael, now upon a Titian. The effect of one of the finest morning landscapes of Claude Lorraine was magical. Raumer, too, whom I met there, took a lively part in these observations, especially as we knew hardly any individual in the brilliant assemblage which filled the rooms. When I went away at midnight, I met other persons just coming.

[A singular anecdote is related of one of the portraits in the Waterloo Gallery, at Windsor Castle—that of the minister

William Von Humboldt.]

The conception is poor, and the likeness very general; but the worst is, that the body does not at all suite the head: for when King George IV., who was a personal friend of the minister, during his last visit to England, and a short time before his departure, made him sit to Sir Thomas Lawrence, the latter being pressed for time, took a canvass on which he had begun a portrait of Lord Liverpool, and had already finished his body, in a purple velvet coat, and painted upon it the head of M. Von Humboldt, intending to alter it afterwards, which, however, in consequence of the death of the king and of Sir Thomas, was not done. It were to be wished that this anomaly were remedied.

Pictures by Holbein, &c., at Windsor.

In England they are far too liberal with Holbein's name, and seem often to forget that this master, in a refined feeling for

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nature, in accurate delineation of the parts, stands very high, so that his best portraits have an honourable place beside those of the greatest masters, Raphael or Titian. Great caution ought particularly to be observed in ascribing to him such pictures of Henry VIII. or of his family, and the best known persons of the English nobility of that age, which are pretty nearly in his style, since it is natural that, of persons whose portraits were so much sought after, the originals painted by Holbein from the life must have been frequently copied with more or less skill, even during his life. Thus I have great doubts of a half-length portrait of Henry VIII. in this room, though it hangs too high to give a decided opinion. A portrait of young King Edward VI. is far too feeble and unmeaning for Holbein, and the more so, as it must be of his latest and most perfect period. The copies of Holbein's picture, which are often met with, of his great patron, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who, as Marshal and High Treasurer, holds two staves, is certainly not the original. The brown tone of the flesh is too heavy and muddy, the features are destitute of that animation which was peculiar to Holbein, in all the different stages of his career. The portrait of the German merchant, Stalhof, reading a note, with the date 1532, is genuine. It is one of the latest pictures in the same brownish tone of the flesh as the celebrated altar-piece, with the family of the Burgomaster Meyer at Dresden, and of great truth in all its parts. Unhappily, it is defaced by being re-touched in many parts. Another picture of a young German, marked 1533, is more delicately rounded in the greyer shadows and brighter lights. In all parts of the execution, it agrees with the fine picture of the merchant Gysi, in the Museum in Berlin: both were doubtless painted during Holbein's visit to Basle. The celebrated picture of the Misers by Quintyn Matsys does not correspond with its reputation. I took it to be the original of the many repetitions of which our museum has one, yet, it is less glowing and more heavy in the colouring than many other copies.

Windsor Park.

When we came out of the chapel an elegant open carriage, drawn by two very handsome brown ponies, stood ready, by the Queen's orders, to take us to her little cottage situated on the Virginia Water, an artificial lake which the late king, George IV., had made, to enjoy, undisturbed, the pleasure of fishing. As we drove rapidly through the beautiful park, we had, with flying showers of rain and intervening sunshine, the greatest variety of effects of light on the landscape. I shall never forget the incomparable freshness of the green of the meadows and trees, when the sun illumined the leaves, still shin-

ing from the rain. The eye revelled in this depth of verdure. I was pleased with the neat rural appearance of the cottage, combined as it is with elegance. Such little retreats are a favourite pleasure of the English, and are a proof of that sense of the beauties of nature which, though so different from their main pursuits of commerce and manufactures, they have retained, unimpaired in a remarkable degree. The higher classes in particular, in whose ordinary course of life this sense has nothing to gratify it, appear to feel the want of enjoying, for a time, in the quiet retirement and simplicity of such cottages, the refreshing intercourse with nature.

[There is some admirable criticism on the gems of our National Gallery.]

The Ecce Homo, by Correggio.

The most splendid ornaments of the gallery are the four pictures of the Lombard school, which, for the knowledge of the chiaro-scuro, the rounding of the forms, and aerial perspective, is entitled to the palm above all others. Of the three works of Correggio, the *Ecce Homo* is without dispute that in which there is the most mind. By five half-figures in a space of only three feet five inches high, and two feet eight inches wide, this subject is here represented more deeply and thoroughly than in any other picture with which I am acquainted. The noble forms of the countenance of Christ express the greatest pain, without being in the least disfigured by it. Only Correggio could so paint this dark, tearful expression of the eyes. How striking is the holding out, the showing of the fettered hands, which are of the finest form! It seems as if He would say, "Behold, these are bound for you!" The *Virgia Mary*, who, in order to see her Son, has held by the balustrade which separates him from her, is so overcome by excessive grief at the sight, that she sinks in unconsciousness. Her lips still seem to tremble with agony, but the corners of the mouth are already fixed; it is involuntarily open; the arched eyelids are on the point of covering the dying eye; the hands with which she has held fast, let go the balustrade. As she is fainting, she is supported by *Mary Magdalene*, whose countenance expresses the tenderest compassion. In the foreground to the left hand, the fine profile of a soldier indicates a feeling of pity. On the right hand, *Pilate* looking out of a window, in the middle distance, has, from the nature of the case, the least share in the transaction. In all other respects, too, this picture is one of the best of Correggio's; all the forms are far more severe and more noble than usual; the execution admirable. The whole is painted with a full pencil, and the colouring of extraordinary power and depth. The effect of the pale countenance of *Mary* is remarkably enhanced by the contrast of

the dark blue cloak which she has drawn over her head like a veil. If it is one of the highest objects of art to purify, by the beauty of the representation, the most painful suffering, so that the sight of it produces only a soothing and consolatory effect, Correggio has here attained that object in an astonishing degree.

Unfortunately, the picture has suffered not a little by washing and repairs. In the left lower arm of Christ, and still more in the right hand of Mary Magdalene, the bluish underground is too apparent and injures the harmony. How highly the Caracci esteemed this work appears from a copy by Lodovico, in this gallery, and an engraving by Agostino of the year 1587. After having been long in the Colonna Palace at Rome, it came in our days into the possession of Murat, King of Naples, of whose widow the Marquis of Londonderry bought it at Vienna. It is painted on panel.

The Gatherer.

"My Eye" is a common expression of affection used by the Modern Egyptians, meaning "Thou who art as dear to me as my eye."

Diamonds.—The Marquis of Westminster wore at the Queen's drawing-room on the 17th, a richly mounted sword, on the hilt of which the celebrated Nauck diamond is introduced. The great Aspat diamond, purchased by the marquis, and given to his lady, would also have been worn on the above occasion, had the marchioness been well enough to attend.—*Morning Herald.*

Hair-dressing.—It was the constant practice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as soon as a female sitter had placed herself on his throne, to destroy the tasteless labours of the hair-dresser and the lady's maid with the end of a pencil-stick.—*Literary Gaz.*

Odd Book Announcement.—"*Clergyman's Private Register and Assistant in his Ministerial Visits, 4s., or with a tuck (out?) 5s.*"

If nothing were to be seen in England but *Blenheim*, with its park and treasures of art, there would be no reason to regret the journey to this country.—*Waagen.*

Chirography.—The following account of the hand-writing of men of genius, appeared some time since in an American paper:—It is generally believed that men of genius write in a very obscure, infirm, or eccentric character; such as Byron, Chalmers, Jeffrey, and Buonaparte. Washington wrote a fair, open, manly, straight-forward line—every letter legible and distinct; Jefferson's hand-writing was bold and masculine; Buonaparte wrote a most unreadable scrawl;

Burke's writing was uneven and hurried; Hamilton wrote a light, running hand, sparing of ink; Canning's penmanship has a chaste and classical appearance; Madison writes a fair, firm, upright line, without distinction of hair or body strokes; and not unlike him writes Marshall. The autograph of J. Q. Adams is neat, manly, and perpendicular; Jackson writes rather a clumsy, careless hand, than otherwise; James Kent's caligraph is perfectly unique, to be compared with nothing beside itself; Brougham writes a hasty hand, but with a good pen and full of ink; Peel writes with a stiff pen, but considerable taste and firmness; Dr. Chalmers writes as if he used the feather end dipped in ink, a real scrawl; W. Irving writes a perfect lawyer's hand, as though he wished no one could read it but himself; Jeffrey wrote as if he wrote against time, with a stick dipped in ink, nothing so unintelligible; Crabb's hand-writing is neat and elegant. W. G. C.

The Sirius and Great Western Steam Ships.—Early on Monday morning last, papers and letters were received by the steamship *Sirius*, eighteen days from New York to the 1st of May inclusive. The *Sirius* and *Great Western* both arrived at New York on the 23d of April, the former in seventeen days from Cork, the latter in fifteen days from Bristol. The *Sirius* got in soon after daylight in the morning, and the *Great Western* was telegraphed at 11 A.M., and reached the city at about 3 P.M. Their arrival made a sensation. It being St. George's Day, Captains Roberts and Hoskin were immediately invited to join the St. George's Society, in its anniversary dinner, where they were feasted and toasted, and loaded with compliments. Subsequently, both ships were visited in state by the mayor and corporation, with vast numbers of persons of distinction. The day before the sailing of the *Sirius* for England, Captains Roberts and Hoskin were entertained by the corporation of New York—and, in short, they were overwhelmed with civilities. The ships were inspected by many thousands of the citizens; and on one day set apart by the captain of the *Great Western* for the exclusive reception of the ladies, it was computed that more than 5,000 came on board. What is better even than all this, for the owners at least, every berth in both ships was engaged for the return voyage, and if there had been twice as many berths, there would have been applicants for all.—*Abridged from the Morning Herald.*

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